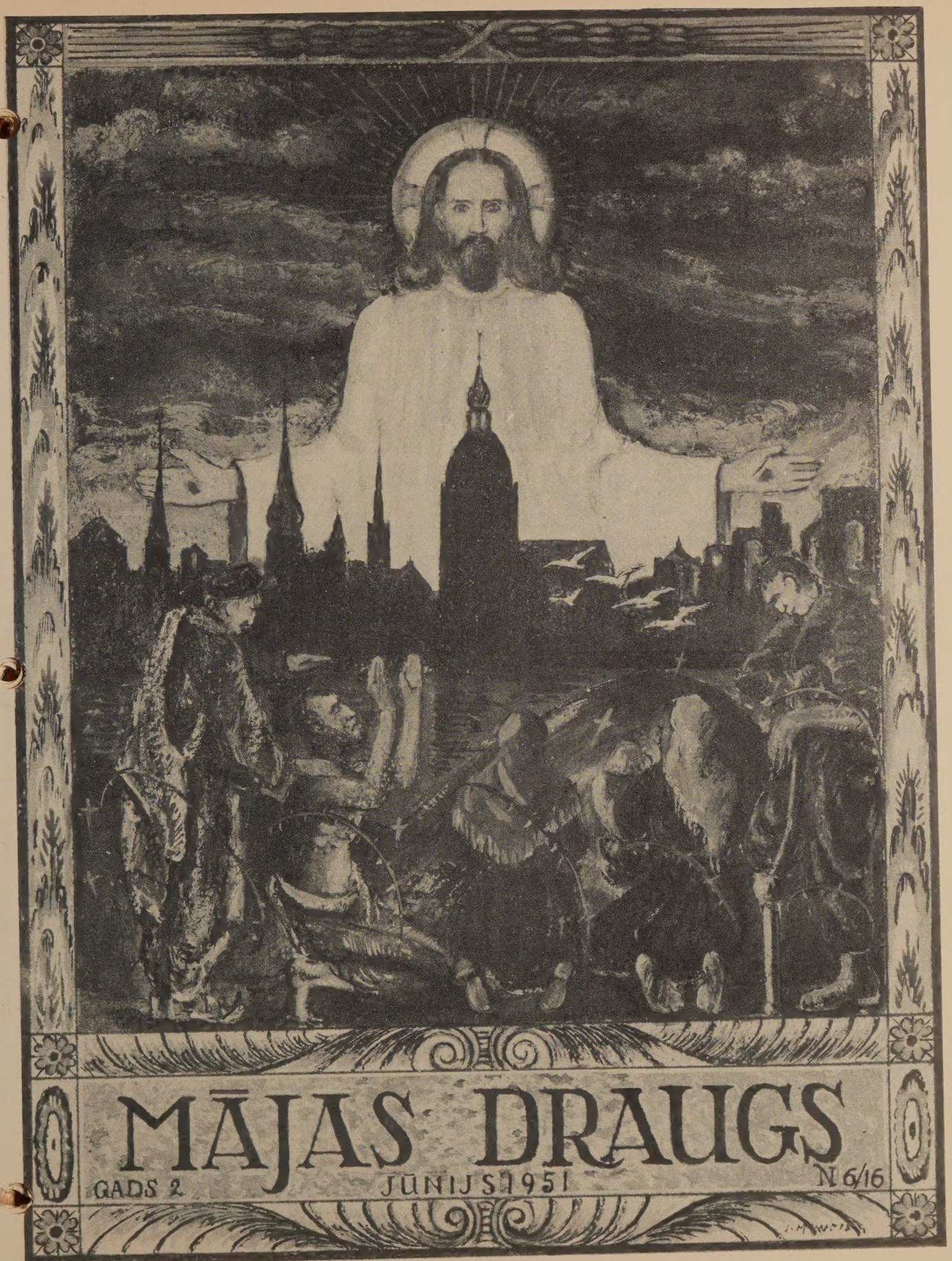


Mākslinieka JAŅA MUNČA zīmējums.

PROF. K. KUNDZIŅŠ

Apslēptā dzīvība

"...Jūsu dzīve līdz ar Kristu apslēpta Dievā. Kad nu atspīdēs Kristus, jūsu dzīvība, tad arī jūs atspīdēsiet līdz ar Viņu."
Kol.vēst.3,3-4

PĀRDOMAS par apslēpto dzīvības brīnumu mūsos izraisa tiklab pašreizējais gada laiks kā arī pasaules, visas cilvēces dzīves un līdz ar to arī mūsu tautas dzīves stāvoklis.

Dabā atkal viss sāk dīgt, zaļot un zelt. Ar izbrīnu mūsu acis no jauna veras lapu un ziedu plaukumā, puķēm rotātās ārēs. Nevilšus mūsu gars jautā: no kurienes viss tas? Kā ziemas stingumā, sīksīkos sēklu graudiņos un koku saknītēs varēja saglabāties spēki, kas tagad rod savu izpausmi brīnišķos lapu un ziedu veidojumos, krāsās un smaržās? No kurienes mežmalā augošā vizbulīte vai plaukstošais ābeles vai ceriņu zieds saņēmis savu krāsu un veida neatdarināmo skaistumu? Nav citas atbildes, kā tikai viena: viss tas izaudzis un izplaucis no siltā zemes klēpī, sēklas graudā, koka saknēs un šķiedrās apslēptā dzīvības brīnuma. Mūsu izbrīna vēl pieaug, kad dažkārt redzam, ka pat tur, kur skarbi rudens vēji kociņiem aplauzuši zarus vai gaŗāmgājēja rupjā roka atstājusi posta pēdas, dzīvības brīnums nav pilnīgi iznīcināts: pavasaŗa vēsmām pūšot, pat dažs aizlausts zars un dažs samīts stādiņš no jauna sāk zaļot un savam ļauna darītājam atmaksā ar pavasarīgām ziedu veltēm.

Apslēptā dzīvība!... Cik tā brīnišķa! Kas var līdz galam izdomāt tās noslēpumaino būtību! No viņas brīnuma nav izslēgts arī cilvēks. Maz, samērā ļoti maz mēs mūsu laikos redzam apslēpto skaistumu cilvēka dzīves ārējā izpausmē. Ir kā jusdams tā trūkumu, cilvēks to nereti cenšas aizstāt ar ārējiem līdzekļiem, spilgtām, mākslīgām krāsām un žilbinošu greznumu. Ar to viņš gribot negribot atzīstas, ka iekšējie spēka un skaistuma avoti itkā taisās izsīkt. Ir kaut kādi citi spēki, kas ir naidā ar dievišķo atveidu cilvēkā, kas to nomāc, apslāpē, kropļo un dragā. Ir kautkas, kas brīžiem cilvēka acij liek zaudēt mirdzumu, kas ļauniem, aizvainojošiem vārdiem liek plūst pār lūpām, sirdij krūtīs liek sastingt akmenī. Bērna mazā rocina dažkārt paceļas pret māti, un Kains, naida ārprāta pārņemts, pacel savu ieroci pret brāli Ābelu. Zaudēdams Dieva doto dvēseles rotu, viens kļūst par slepkavu, bet otrs sastingušiem skatiem raudzīdamies slepkavā, ar klusu vaidu izlaiž savu garu.... Tādos brīžos šausmās jautājam: Kur palicis cilvēka īstais es, viņa baltais dvēseles sapnis? Vai patiesi viss ir zudis? Vai launums, paņemdams savā varā cilvēku, patiesi visam labajam spēj darīt galu? Zudis... Patiesi zudis, ja cilvēks nav pazinis neko citu, kā dabas doto, veģetātīvo dzīvi, ja nav dziļi sevī glabājis vēl ko citu, augstāku un vērtīgāku par pārejošu ziedoņa prieku un dzīvību. Kāds gan cits liktenis viņu tādā gadījumā var sagaidīt, kā koku, kas vēja lauzts, lēnām pārvēršas trūdos, vai zaļo zāli, ko skārusi pļāvēja asā izkapts?

Ir bez šaubām cilvēki, un mēs ar sāpēm vērojam, ka tādu, diemžēl, nav mazums, kas dabas doto dzīvību un tās jaukumu un plaukumu uzskata par savu vienīgo rotu. Līdz ar tās zaudēšanu, pēc viņu domām, viss ir zaudēts, līdz ar tās izsīkšanu, visam ir gals. Tie vēl nepazīst dzīves vislielāko brīnumu, par kuŗu Sv. raksti saka: "Mūsu dzīve (un dzīvība) ir apslēpta ar Kristu Dievā."

Ieguvums, ko laicīgā dzīve ar savu pārejošo, īslaicīgo mirdzumu, nevienam nespēj iedot, mums rodas saskaroties ar Kristu. Lūk, šķietami pagalam nelaimīgs cilvēka bērns: ļauns nelaimes gadījums viņam laupījis veselos locekļus. Salīkusi, maza meitenīte lēnām velkas iepakaļ jautram biedreņu baram, kas priecīgi čalodams, līdzīgi cīruļu saimei, dodas pretim ziedonim. Bet iepazīsimies tuvāk ar šo bērnu: krusts, ko dzīve viņai uzlikusi, licis viņai pieķerties gaišajam dvēseles Draugam. Viņas dvēseles dzīve kļuvusi dziļa un bagāta, tajā plaukst ziedi, kuŗiem ir mūžības smarža. Vai cilvēks, kas zaudējis roku vai kāju, vai kuŗa seja nes smaga kropļojuma zīmes, tāpēc ir nevērtīgāks? Ne jau šo ārējo trūkumu dēļ tāds tas ir. Viss taču atkarājas no tās apslēptās mantas, no iekšējā skaistuma, ko acs tikai retumis spēj saskatīt.

Neviens, ko skārusi dzīves smagā roka, kas dzīves vētru dragāts un šausts, ikviens, kam šķiet, ka viņš visu būtu zaudējis - veselību, mantu, dzimteni, brīvību, lai atceras, ka tā vēl nav visa dzīve. Lai dzīves ārējais skats būtu kā nāves lauks - un tāds viņš daudzās vietās ir, - lai brīvība uz brīdi būtu ļaunas varas nomākta - spēkā paliek vārds, ka ar Kristu dzīvojot un Viņa krustu nesot, mums ir daļa pie apslēptās dzīvības, kas gaida augšāmcelšanās rītu. Tāpēc Viņš pasaulē nācis, lai ar savām ciešanām un nāvi izpirktu mūsu dvēseles, lai arī no mums pašiem noveltu smago kapa akmeni, lai ar savu pestīšanas darbu mūsos atjaunotu zaudēto Dievlīdzību un vestu pie uzvaras dzīvību un neiznīcību, gaismu un taisnību.

Jūs mīļie tālumā, tu, verdzības važās kaltā dvēsele un cīņā ar bezdievīgo varu nogurušais draugs: kaut arī tu sadzirdētu šo vārdu: jūsu dzīvība ar Kristu noglabāta drošās rokās - pie paša Dieva, lielā Radītāja klēpī. Reiz nāks spožā Kristus diena arī pie Tevis. Dieva taisnais spriedums stāsies spēkā. Posts, grēks un nāve atkāpsies Viņa Vispēcības priekšā. Ticīgas dvēseles sapnis kļūs par īstenību. "Nāve būs aprīta uzvarā," un atpestīto pulki liecinās: Paldies Dievam, kas mums devis uzvaru caur mūsu Kungu Jēzu Kristu. Amen.

PRĀVESTS KRISTAPS VALTERS

Mūsu mocekļi – Dieva vēstneši

(1941. g. 14. JŪNIJA CIETEJUS ATCEROTIES)

I I I

''TANĪ PAŠĀ LAIKĀ ATNĀCA ĻAUDIS, KAS VIŅAM STĀSTĪJA PAR GALILIEŠIEM, KURU ASINIS PILĀTS BIJA SAJAUCIS AR VIŅU UPURIEM. UN VIŅŠ TIEM ATBILDĒJA UN SACĪJA: VAI JŪS DOMĀJAT, KA ŠIE GALILIEŠI IR BIJUŠI LIELĀKI GRĒCINIEKI, NEKĀ VISI PĀRĒJIE GALILIEŠI, TĀPĒC KA TIE TO CIETUŠI? ES JUMS SAKU: NEBŪT NĒ, BET JA JŪS NEATGRIEZĪSITIES NO GRĒKIEM, TAD JŪS VISI TĀPAT IESIT BOJĀ...'' (Lūkas ev. 13, 1-9).

Kā ikviena cilvēka dzīves gājumā, tā arī tautu vēsturē ir dienas ar tik lieliem un zīmīgiem notikumiem, ka cilvēks tās neaizmirst līdz pēdējam sirds pukstam. Gadiem negrozāmā ritmā aizritot, mēs šīs dienas, šos neparastos notikumus, vienalga vai tie būtu līksmi vai arī neizsakāmi drūmi, atceramies ikgadus vienmēr atkal no jauna. 1941.gada 14. jūnijs kļuvis par simbolu visām tām mokām, ko latvju tauta nesusi un nes, lielnieku varā nonākusi.

Šajās dienās, kad pieminam visus tos brāļus un māsas, kas pēdējā gadu desmitā zuduši mūsu tautai, mēs, ikviens savējos vārdā saukdami, atceramies tos, kas nonīkuši svešā zemē neizturamā darbā, nomocīti cietumu kambaros, pakrituši kaujas laukos asinīs un nāves miegā. Visi šie desmiti tūkstoši varēja dzīvot, strādāt, mīlēt un smiet, bet nesaudzīgi un neprātīgi atlauztus un atrautus no savas zemes, tautas un ģimenes, mājas un darba, tos iznīcinājusi un izdeldējusi sveša, varmācīga vara.

Viņus pieminot, visiem mums, kas vēl dzīvi un brīvi palikuši, dvēselēs uzliesmo jautājums, kāpēc vienam jāmirst, ja otrs vēl drīkst dzīvot, kāda nozīme, kāda jēga šīm nepelnītām ciešanām un nāves mokām? Vai mūsu tautas posts tikai nejēdzīga, muļķīga nejaušība, vai tomēr mūsu tautas bēdām ir kāda vērtība?

No senseniem laikiem cilvēks cietēja likteni vērsdams un vērtēdams, vieglu prātu spriedis - jācieš grēku dēļ, vainas dēļ jāsaņem sods! Bet no tā laika, kad Kristus cilvēku ciešanām un traģiskajiem likteņiem devis savu iztulkojumu, un pats nevainīgs un nenoziedzīgs izcietis visgrūtākās krusta mokas Golgatā, mēs vairs tik pavirši nedrīkstam domāt un spriest.

Augšā norādītā evaņģelija stāstā pieminēti cilvēki, kas šķiet nevainīgi cieš nepelnītu pārestību, kas iet bojā nejaušā nelaimes gadījumā - drupās aprakti. Varam nojaust, ka to ļaužu krūtīs, kas atnesa Jēzum šo ziņu dega tas pats nemierīgais jautājums, kas grauž un ēd mūsu prātu, kāpēc, kādēļ tādas bēdas, tāda nelaime?

Jēzus dod netiešu, bet gauži nozīmīgu atbildi, kas jāiegaumē arī mums. ''Vai jūs domājat, ka šie galilieši ir bijuši lielāki grēcinieki nekā visi pārējie galilieši, tāpēc ka tie to cietuši? Es jums saku: nebūt nē, bet ja jūs neatgriezīsaties no grēkiem, tad jūs visi tāpat iesit bojā.'' Tā pati doma izskan Jāņa evaņģelijā, kad mācekļi Jēzum jautā, kas vainīgs pie akli dzimušā cilvēka traģiskā likteņa. ''Ne viņš ir grēkojis, ne viņa vecāki, bet Dieva darbiem vajaga parādīties pie viņa.'' (Jāņa ev.9,3).

Jēzus neatbild tiem, kas ziņkārības dzīti viņu iztaujā, lai iegūtu interesantas atbildes un pakavētu laiku, iztirzājot neparastas, savdabīgas domas. Cilvēku ciešanas nav un nevar būt omulīgu un interesantu pārrunu tēmats, patīkamā sabiedrībā jauki pavadot dažas stundas!

Tiem, kas ar cilvēku ciešanām, postu un nāves mokām sastapušies vaigu vaigā, Jēzus te rāda, ka šis ciešanas kļūst par tālu dzirdamu kliedzienu, kas brīdina, pārdrošo, nevērīgo, miegaino cilvēku, lai tas neaizmirst, ka arī viņa dzīve tikpat negaidot un necerot var nobeigties postā, drupās un nāvēs tumsā.

Ar ciešanām sastopoties, cilvēkam vienmēr jājautā, kāpēc es neesmu cietēja vietā? Vai es patiesi esmu labāks, krietnāks, derīgāks nekā mans brālis, kas nespēj vairs strādāt, gādāt un cīnīties slimības sagrauzts, vai arī verdzības važās saistīts vai pat nāves lauzts.

Mēs it labi zinām, ka mums nav nekādu nopelnu ne cilvēku, ne Dieva priekšā, ka mūsu darbs un dzīve nav nepieciešamāka par zudušā brāļa mūžu, ka neesam šeit spirgti un veseli, tāpēc, ka bijām tik dievbijīgi, tikuši un derīgi. It labi zinām, ka viens un otrs no mocekļu saimes bija ticīgāks, godīgāks, spējīgāks par mums. Cietējs tādēļ kristīgās draudzes skatījumā nekad nav tikai bargi sodīts grēcinieks, nedz arī nejaušas nelaimes nožēlojams upuris.

Cietējs tē izaug par Dieva sūtni, kas, smagu krustu nesdams, ērkšķainu ceļu iedams, nāves rūgtumu ciezdams, glābj dzīvos, laimīgos, pārdrošos, saucot tos atpakaļ pie Dieva, aicinot strādāt, kamēr vēl diena, nest augļus, kamēr vēl laiks, mīlēt un kalpot, žēlot un glābt, kamēr vēl esam ceļā. Tādēļ arī visos laikos un visās vietās mocekļi ar savām sāpēm, asiņīm un nāves bēdām neskaitāmās sirdīs atjaunojuši ticības spēku un drosmi, iedeguši jaunu gara rosmi. Tā ir krusta mūžīgā mistērija, kas atkārtojas visos gadu simteņos, visos kontinentos, visās tautās.

Arī mūsu tautas cietēji un mocekļi kļuvuši par tādiem Dieva vēstnešiem, kas ne vien mums pašiem, bet arī tālām un svešām tautām rāda un apliecina, cik briesmīgs ir cilvēks bez Dieva, cik drausmīga ir dzīve, ko cilvēks ceļ pēc sava prāta, cik sātaniska top pasaule, ja atmet Radītāja likumus un padomus un dzīvo bez Viņa svētības.

Tā ir mūsu mocekļu sūtība šajā pasaulē, šajā laikā, kad cilvēkiem un tautām jāizšķiras, kādas varas pusē tie nostāsies, kam tie piekersies un kalpos - meliem vai patiesībai, mežonībai vai cilvēcībai, naidam vai mīlestībai, velnam vai Dievam.

Pasaulē šodien redzam ļaunā

spēku un varu, kas ar meliem atmodina naidu, lai ar to samaitātu cilvēka sirdi un dzīvi. Bet te arī skatāma Dieva mīlestības valsts godība un mūžīgais skaistums. Dievs šajā laikā prasa, lai izlemjam, lai sirds dziļumos izšķiramies par ko gribam cīnīties, kam atdot un ziedot savu sirdi un mūžu.

Liels un nepārredzams šajos desmit gados izaudzis mūsu mocekļu pulks. Tur gaŗā ierindā soļo līdzas viens otram vīri un zēni, sievas un jaunavas, bērni un sirmgalvji. No visu šo simtstūkstošu cietēju sirdīm un lūpām, cauri cietumu mūriem, cauri dzelzs priekškaram, cauri pat kapu smiltīm laužas izmisuma pilns kliedziens, moku pilns vaids, kas grib atmodināt visus snaudošos, satraukt visus mierīgos, sasaukt cīņai visus dzīvos! Šajā aicinājumā skan nepārprotams brīdinājums visiem, kas gribētu vēl bezbēdīgi baudīt dzīvi. Tagad vēl baudīt dzīvi, kad miljoni vergo un vārgst, nīkst un mirst! Brīdinājums visiem, kas līdzi priesterim un levitam ātri grib aiziet gaŗām laupītāja sasistam, asinīs pamestam cilvēkam, nepalīdzot un neglābjot. "Ja jūs neatgriezīsaties no grēkiem, jūs visi ņemsit tādu pašu galu." Vienaldzība, remdenība, savtība - tie šodien cilvēces lielākie grēki, ja tos nepārvarēsim, mūs nocirtīs kā neauglīgus kokus.

Ciešanas bijušas un būs šajā pasaulē. Ciešanas ir mūsu īstā tiesa un daļa, jo "ikdienas daudz grēkojam un sodību vien pelnam." Pasaule, kas no Dieva novērsusies un grēkā sapinusies, nav domājama bez ciešanām. Bet šajā pasaulē Dievs bezgalīgā žēlsirdībā un pacietībā man un tev ļauj vēl dzīvot, strādāt, mīlēt un cīnīties. Šajā pasaulē Dievs savā bezgalīgā laipnībā un gudrībā paceļ te viena, te otra cilvēka sāpes svētā gaismā, apvīdams mocekļu galvas ar godības un slavas vainagiem.

Šie mocekļi tad kļūst par Viņa vēstnešiem un kaŗavīriem, kas ar savām ciešanām Viņam kalpo un ceļ Viņa mūžīgo valstību.

Meld.: Ak galva asiņaina.

PAR TIEM, KAS PROJĀM DZĪTI NO MŪSU TEVZEMES, DIEVS TEVS, MES TEVI LŪDZAM NO SIRDS UN DVĒSELES: LAI SAVOS SĀPJU CEĻOS TIE KAUT CIK RĢEMDETOS, KLĀT VIŅIEM ALLAŽ STĀVI UN GLĀB UN SARGI TOS!

(Zvārguļu Edvarts, Dz.grām.829).

PROF. L. BERZIŅŠ

Svētkus gaidot

SVĒTUMA BRĪDIS NĀK NESVĒTOS ĻAUDĪS,
NEMIERA ZEMEI MIERU VIŅŠ PAUDĪS;
KAUT JĒL VIŅŠ MIERĀ SKATĪT MUMS ĻAUTU
LATVIEŠU TAUTU!

DZIESTOŠUS VAKARUS, AUSTOŠUS RĪTUS
REDZAM MĒS RŪPESTU MĀKOŅOS TĪTUS;
NESDAMI PLECOS DZIMTENES POSTU,
NEREDZAM OSTU.

ŅESPĒKĀ ROKAS NOGURST UN KĀJAS,
VAROŅU VĪRIEM SIRDIS TOP VĀJAS;
KAUJĀS TIE SKREJA, LAI PRETNIEKU VEIKTU,
TAGAD KURP STEIGTU?

DOMĀS PA LABI, PA KREISI MĒS KLĪSTAM:
REIZ TACU JĀNĀK GLĀBĒJAM ĪSTAM.
"NĀC! NAV ELPAS BEZ PALĪGA TAVA!"
ATBILDES NAVA.

TOMĒR AR BRUŅĀM SIRDS LAI IR JOSTA:
AUSĪS REIZ DIEŅA, KAS RAUS MŪS NO POSTA!
TAISNĪBAS DROSME, KO DVĒSELE SMEĻU,
PARĀDĪS CEĻU.

TIESA UN TAISNĪBA SPIDEKĻI SVĒTI,
MĀKONS GAN VAR TOS AIZĒNOT LĒTI,
IZDZĒST NE MŪŽAM TOS NEVARĒS TVAIKI,
ĻAUDIS VAI LAIKI.

VELTI UZ CILVĒKIEM CERĪBU LIEKAM,
TIESĀ UN TAISNĪBĀ STIPRI MĒS TIEKAM.
TU, KAS TIESU UN TAISNĪBU CĒLI,
GLĀBTIES MUMS VĒLI!

VĒLI MUMS TĒVIJAS KAROGU ATTĪT,
VĒLI MUMS MIERĀ TOS TĪRUMUS SKATĪT,
KOPĀ KUR PRIECĀJAS SĒJĒJS UN PĻĀVĒJS,
KŪLIŠU KRĀVĒJS.

TU, KAS LAIKUS UN LIKTEŅUS LEMI,
DOD, AK DOD MUMS SKATĪT ŠO ZEMI,
KA MĒS AR PRIEKU IK SAULAINU RĪTU
VAGAS TUR DZĪTU.

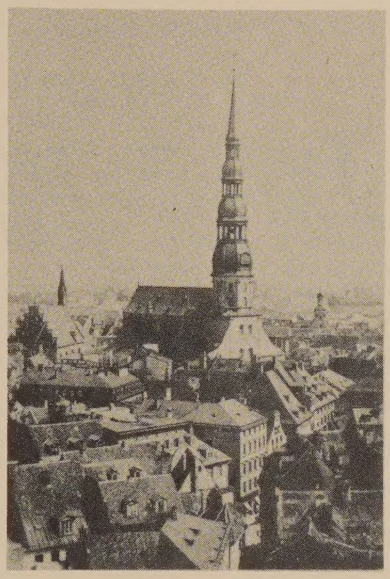
KALNOS UN LEJĀS, BIRSTALĀS ZAĻĀS
SPĀRNOTAS DZIESMAS TAD PACELTOS SKAĻAS
TEV LAI AR JŪSMU ĪSTU UN SVĒTU
UZGAVILĒTU.

PUŠĶO AR MIERU TĒVZEMES ĘŽU,
SAMĪTO DRUVU, NOGĀZTO MEŽU,
POSTĪTOS CIEMUS UN CILVĒKU PRĀTU
SARŪGTINĀTU.

SVĒTUMA BRĪDIS NĀK NESVĒTOS ĻAUDĪS:
NEMIERA ZEMEI KAD MIERU VIŅŠ PAUDĪS,
DOD, KUNGS, KA TAUTA AR LIKTENI GRŪTU
MIERU TAD GŪTU!

Par baznīcu un mācītājiem

BIJA laiki, kad baznīca cilāja dirģenta zizli. Katoļu baznīca to vēl tagad no savām rokām nav izlaidusi. Tā vārda tiešā nozīmē kontrolē visu katoļticīgo garīgo dzīvi. Tā iesaka un aizliedz grāmatas. Tā aicina iestāties vienās un aizliedz to darīt citās organizācijās. Tā prasa regulāru pārskatu par domām, vārdiem un darbiem (ausu bikts). Priesteris jeb svētnieks ir starpnieks starp Dievu un cilvēkiem. Raksturīgi, ka katoļticīgie latvieši vēl tagad savus priesteŗus sauc par baznīckungiem. - Evaņģeliskā baznīca nav kungu baznīca. Tā nav valdniece, bet kalpone. Mācītājs - Dieva vārda kalps. Viņš, protams, ir arī sakramentu izdalītājs. Viņš darbojas Jēzus Kristus aicinājuma apziņā un viņam dotajās pilnvarās. Viņš liecina: "Mēs esam ticējuši un atzinuši, ka Tu (Jēzus) esi Dieva Svētais." (Jāņa ev. 6,69). "Nav pestīšanas nevienā citā; jo nav neviena cita vārda zem debess cilvēkiem dots, kuŗā mums lemta pestīšana." (Ap.d. 4,12). "Citu pamatu neviens nevar likt, kā to, kas jau ir likts, proti, Jēzus Kristus." (1.Kor. 3,11). Bet īsta liecība ir tikai tur, kur ir ticība, kas pēc Ebreju vēstules klasiskās definīcijas ir "stipra paļaušanās uz cerējamām, pārliecība par neredzamām lietām" (Ebr.v. 11,1). Nav tāpēc brīnums, ja mācītājs lūko pārliecināt. Viņš ir Kristus atblass. Viņš atbalso Kristus sludinājuma kvintesenci: "Laiks ir piepildīts, un Dieva valstība ir tuvu atnākusi! Atgriežieties no grēkiem un ticiet uz evaņģeliju" (Mk.1,15). Līdzīgi Jānim Kristītājam arī sevi viņš varētu raksturot: "Saucēja balss tuksnesī: Sataisiet tam Kungam ceļu, dariet līdzenas viņa tekas" (Mk. 1,3). Viņš mierina, tomēr ne viņam - K r i s t u m ir miera vārdi (Mt. 11,28-30; Jāņa ev. 14,27). Mācītājs stiprina un drošina, tomēr ne viņš - K r i s t u m ir dzīvības vārdi (Lk. 12,4-5; Mt. 24,13; Jāņa ev. 11,25). Viņš arī atgādina un aprāj, tomēr ne viņš, K r i s t u s ir tas, kas jautā: "Vai jūs nezināt, kādam garam jūs piederat?" (Lk. 9,55). Taču viņa galvenais uzdevums, kā to jau arī pats vārds rāda, ir mācīt: "Tāpēc eita un dariet par mēcekļiem visas tautas, tās kristīdami Tēva, Dēla un Svētā Ga-



SIRMĀ RĪGA ŠOGAD SVIN SAVU 750 GADU JUBILEJU.

d i, ka tas bija nepareizi; bet ja es esmu runājis pareizi, ko tu mani siti?" (Jāņa ev. 18,23). Mācītājs vēlas ideālu draudzi, draudze vēlas - ideālu mācītāju. Bet zemes virsū pilnības nava. Nava tāpēc arī brīnums, ka mēs viens ar otru dažreiz esam neapmierināti. Raksturīgs piemērs šai ziņā ir kāds raksts, kas š.g. sākumā publicēts Zviedrijā (Latvju vārds, 7.nr.).

Ja tas būtu tikai atbildes raksts pāris mācītājiem, kuŗu viedoklim raksta autors nepiekrīt literātūrkritikā un mācīšanas jeb pamācīšanas centībā, rakstu varētu te arī nepieminēt. Diemžēl, raksts nav adresēts tikai diviem mācītājiem vien. To liecina jau tā virsraksts: Svētnieki, nekļūstiet liekuļi!

Liekulība ir patiesības viltojums, bet arī tās noklusēšana. Liekulība ir izlikšanās; ne zelts, bet tikai zeltījums. Liekulība ir atgādināt skabargu, kad pašam acī baļķis. Bet ja mēs ļautos pamācīties tikai no "svētajiem", tad mums būtu ilgi jāmeklē un velti laiks jākavē, lai pārliecinātos, ka šai pasaulē viss ir tikai zeltījums. Ne tēvs, ne māte, ne skolotājs, ne profesors, ne rakstnieks, kritiķis vai mācītājs nav "zelts", jebšu visi viņi vairāk vai mazāk māca. Tikai viens ir mūsu m ā c ī t ā j s (Mt. 23,8). Jautājumā par mūžīgās dzīvības iemantošanu mēs mācām tikai mācīdamies. Te ir visiem kopīgi jāstrādā, kopēji jāmācās.

Bet tieši te sākas pārpratumi un pārmetumi. Latviešu mācītājiem visu mūsu valsts brīvības laiku esot bijis jāpūlās ar smagā, vācu mācītāju atstātā mantojuma pārvarēšanu. Kaut arī lielais vairums mācītāju nācis no mūsu lauku sētām, tie joprojām uzskatīti par kungiem, kuŗu sevišķais stāvoklis tos it kā šķirtu no tautas. - Nedomāju, ka latviešu ev. lut. mācītājam šai ziņā būtu bijis sevišķi jāpūlās. Nezinu arī tādu latviešu mācītāju, kam zem šīs nastas smaguma būtu salīkuši pleci, un šaubos vai seno plaisu starp mācītāju un tautu, kā tas pieminētā raksta autoram šķiet, tieši būtu vajadzējis aizart, dzenot vagu mācītāja mājas laukā. Taču te pilnīgi pietika. ar

mācītāja paša nostāju. Bet kāpēc Zviedrijas raksta autors noklusē kādu citu mantojumu, kuŗu mums nav atstājuši ne vieni, ne otri mācītāji, bet mūsu pašu "jaunlaiku cilvēki" - materiālisti. Cik lielā mērā mums izdevies to pārvarēt? Cik lielā mērā te baznīcai nākusi talkā māja un skola, runātāji un rakstītāji? Vai šis mantojums kā viltota nauda, diemžēl, nežvadz arī vēl tagad mūsu kabatā. Daudz, daudz ir izbiris, pazudis, bet šo naudu mēs glabājam, daudzreiz - un labākajā gadījumā! - gribēdami gan būt kristieši, bet ne baznīciski, it kā baznīca nebūtu Dieva, bet velna iestādījums.

Pieskaroties V. Mežezera Piezīmēm par latviešu literātūru (sk. Mājas Draugs, 4.-9.nr.), pieminētās Zviedrijas avīzes raksta autors spiests atzīt, ka pēc 1910.g. latviešu rakstniecībā "parādījušies vairs tikai atsevišķi mazāki mēģinājumi baznīcas garā." Protams - un te es savukārt pievienojos Zviedrijas tautietim - tas nenozīmē, ka latviešu rakstniecībā ir apsīcis kristīgais gars vispār. Arī par to Mājas Drauga slejās, cerams, vēl būs runa. Bet rakstniecība ir arī kompass. Un ja nu mūsu rakstniecība rāda, ka tās kristīgā gara straume jau labi sen vairs neplūst baznīcas gultnē, tad tas ir mudinājums ne tikai baznīcas kalpiem - mācītājiem, bet visiem Kristus baznīcas draugiem - jautājumu nopietni pārdomāt un ar lielāku vai mazāku centību šai ziņā kaut ko darīt, jo bez Kristus baznīcas arī pati kristietība nav domājama.

Sakarā ar to arī jautājums, cik lielā mērā pie baznīcas jāturas, jeb, kā Zviedrijas tautietis saka - cik lielā mērā jātura tās "ģenerāllīnija." Baznīca šeit zemes virsū nav triumfētāja, bet cīnītāja. Un, kā katrā kaŗa spēkā, arī šajā vadoņi ne katrreiz ir visvaronīgākie. Bet kādi arī būtu vieni vai otri, cik stipra vai vāja būtu karodznieka roka - ne ar sirsnīgu vēlēšanos, no ar iekšēju piekrišanu vien, bet ar aktīvu līdzdalību, tikai ar vienotiem spēkiem un tikai ar krusta karogu varam uzvarēt. Bet uzvarēt šoreiz nozīmē dzīvot.

MĀCĪTĀJS E. ĶIPLOKS

LUTERISKĀ BAZNĪCA AMERIKĀ

IV. PAŠREIZEJAIS STĀVOKLIS.

Ja gribam fiksēt Amerikas luteriskās baznīcas pašreizējo stāvokli, tad vispirms jāiepazīstās ar tās organizāciju. Iepriekšējā rakstā bija pieminets, ka Amerikas luterāņu vēstures gaitās bijušas pavisam kādas 150 sinodes. To skaits tagad sarucis uz 17 un varbūt tuvākā nākotnē saruks vēl vairāk. Pēdējos gadu desmitos sākuši drupt tie pamati, kas katrai no sinodēm piedeva viņas integritāti. Abi pasaules kaŗi saliedējuši vēl ciešāk kopā Amerikas nāciju. Uniju sekmē arī praktiski apsvērumi. Īpaši Amerikā lielākām apvienībām ir nenoliedzamas priekšrocības.

Apvienošanās process gājis divi virzienos - ūnijas un federācijas virzienā. No vairākām atsevišķām sinodēm radušās apvienotas baznīcas, kas savkārt dibinājušas federācijas zināmiem kopīgiem mērķiem un Amerikas luterāņu kopīgai reprezentācijai.

Vispirms pieminēsim atsevišķās baznīcas, tajā ietilpstošo grupu vecuma resp. sadarbības kārtībā. Datus par šo baznīcu locekļu un mācītāju skaitu u.t.l. sk. atsevišķā tabulā. Zīmes sinožu nosaukumu priekšā norāda uz viņu piederību federācijām: * National Lutheran Council; ** American Lutheran Conference, *** Synodal Conference. (Par šīm federācijām sk. tālāk).

1. * UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA (ULCA), vācu izcelsmes, dib. 1918.g., apvienojoties trim sinodēm (General Synod, General Council, United Synod of the South), kas bija lokālu sinožu federācijas un ietvēra pavisam 45 atsevišķas sinodes ar apm. 800.000 iesv., dr. locekļiem. ULCA ietilpst arī pati vecākā organizētā luterāņu baznīca Amerikā - Pensilvānijas ministrija (dib. 1748.g.) un pirmā sinožu federācija - Ģenerālsinode (organizēta 1820.g.). - Visas trīs ULCA apvienotās sinodes reprezentē austrumpiekrastes luterāņus, kas vēsturisku vai dogmatisku pretešķību dēļ bijuši vairāk kā piecdesmit gadus sašķelti. Vergu jautājums un pilsoņu kaŗš bija sašķēlis metodistus un baptistus. 1862.g. tāds pat liktenis piemeklēja luterāņu Ģenerālsinodi. Blakus tai radās General Synod of South (kopš 1886.g. United Synod of the South). Schisma paplašinājās vēl tālāk 1866.g., kad no Ģenerālsinodes nošķīrās tās konservatīvais spārns, radīdams Ģenerālkoncīlu. Dogmatisku strīdu iemesls bija Ģenerālsinodes libērālā spārna (t.s. American Lutheranism) ūnionisma tieksmes, tiecoties pēc sadarbības ar pārējiem protestantiem un tās dēļ atsakoties no luterāņu uzskatiem par Sv. vakarēdienu. Libērālā grupa gan bija mazākumā, bet tā bija ļoti ietekmīga, tā kā konservatīvais virziens pārsvaru guva tikai pamazām. - Pēc ULCA nodibināšanās apvienojās arī tās lokālās sinodes, kas darbojās paraleli vienā un tai pašā apgabalā, reducējot to skaitu uz 29. ULCA tagad apvieno 32 sinodes. Savienotajās Valstīs un Kanādā un 5 pievienotas luterāņu baznīcas misijas zemēs.

ULCA mis.nozare atbalsta misijas darbu nacionālās valodās Amerikā un Kanādā vāciešu, somu, ungaru, slovaku, zviedru, norvēģu, islandiešu, italiešu, spāniešu, latviešu, leišu un igauņu vidū, kā arī sagatavo mācītājus šim darbam un izdod periodiskus izdevumus 6 svešvalodās. Pēc vajadzības notiek arī mācītāju konferences nacionālo jautājumu apspriešanai (vāciešiem, somiem un ungāriem). ULCA ietilpst arī latviešu draudzes (Ņujorkā, Bostonā, Senatobijā), tā ir atbalstījusi latviešu mācītāju iecelšanu A.S.Valstīs un Kanādā, un savā darba programmā līdz šim saistījusi 22 latviešu mācītājus A.S.V. un 8 Kanādā. - ULCA prezidents: Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, D.D. - Birojs: 231 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. - Oficiālais nedēļas laikraksts: The Lutheran. No ULCA nācis latviešiem pazīstamais LWF darbinieks K. Senfts.

M. ROZENTĀLE

Par latviešu reliģisko dzeju

I.

DZEJA plašākā nozīmē (proza un lirika) ir pārdzīvojumā radīta un savkārt ierosina pārdzīvojumu lasītājā, bagātinot viņa dvēseles saturu, rādot pasauli, kas ir daiļāka, labāka, dziļāka, interesantāka par praktisko realitāti. Dzejnieka iztēles radītā realitāte reizē sastādās no dzīves realitātes elementiem, tātad lielā mērā atkarīga no dzejnieka personīgās pieredzes, priekšstatiem par pasauli un ideāliem.

Literātūra ir rakstnieka pasaules un dzīves uzskata paudēja. Pasaules uzskats ne ik reizes skaidri saskatāms kāda rakstnieka darbos, jo tas ir filozofiska sistēma, saskaņots priekšstatu kopums par pasaules būtību un uzbūvi, par vadītājiem spēkiem, visu notikumu jēgu, par cilvēku vietu pasaulē un tā uzdevumiem. Pasaules uzskatu izstrādājuši vienīgi rakstnieki filozofi.

Dzīves uzskatu jau labi varam izsekot, ja studējam visus kāda rakstnieka darbus. Katram indivīdam ir vairāk vai mazāk īpats skats uz dzīvi-viņa dzīves uzskats, proti, veids, kā viņš uztver pasauli, iztulko to un vērtē. Tas ir ļoti atkarīgs no katra cilvēka īpatnējās pieejas parādībām, no viņa audzināšanas, vides, gūtiem iespaidiem. Rakstnieks tēlo uzskatāmi to vidi, kas viņam visvairāk pazīstama, pauž tās idejas, kas viņam tuvas no bērnības un pārdzīvotas mūža risē, dvēseles pārvērtībās un cīņās.

Runājot par liriku, pareizāk lietāt jēdzienu - dzīves izjūta. Nevar uzcelt no tēliem, ko atrodam dzejoļos, kāda dzejnieka dzīves vai pasaules uzskatu, jo lirikas stiprā puse nav jēdzienu valoda, bet tēlainība, kas atspoguļo dvēseles pārdzīvojumu vibrācijas. Piem., jēdzienos mēs teiktu: ''Patiesību grūti ieskatīt,'' bet dzejniece Aspazija šo domu tēlaini izsaka šādi:

Patiesība nava vienkārša
Tā viz kā prizma septiņstaraina,
Kas krāsu dažādībās mainās
Un staro simtējādās ainās.

Dzejoļos ir jēdzienu izjūta, ne definīcijas. Ja jēdzienu valodā reliģisks cilvēks sacītu: ''Dieva gādībā ir dzīvā un nedzīvā daba,'' tad dzejolī to pašu izteikusi V. Strēlerte šādi:

Dievišķīgs vairogs sarga
Puķes un dvēseles.

Tā arī, ņemot par materiālu dzejnieka dzejoļus, nevaram konstruēt no tanīs dotiem tēliem noapaļotu dzejnieka reliģiskās pārliecības sistēmu. Jāievēro arī, ka dzejnieka personība ir pastāvīgā tapšanas procesā, gan garīgi augot un uzskatus veidojot, gan dzīvojot līdzi sava laikmeta idejiskām strāvām un vēsturiskām realitātēm. Par kāda dzejnieka reliģisko pārliecību īsteni varam spriest tikai, viņa darbībai tuvojoties noslēgumam, kad pārskatāmi dažādie attīstības posmi. Grūti, piem., dot vērtējumu par Ausekļa reliģisko pārliecību, jo viņš nodzīvoja tikai nepilnus 30 gadus. Bet tikai ar 30 gadiem dzīves uzskats sāk padziļināties un nostiprināties, kad dzejnieks savā dvēselē pārvērtē un sijā vecās patiesības un jaunos iespaidus, pielāgojot tos savai personīgai izjūtai un prāta diktētām atziņām. Neievērojot to, norādījumus Ausekļa dzejā par viņa ticību varam tomēr gūt, par ko vēlāk.

Veidojot dzīves uzskatu, jautājam pēc cilvēka dzīves jēgas, uzdevuma. Dabiski nonākam pie galējām problēmām - visu lietu pirmsākuma. Izjūtam savu saistību ar bezgalību - telpā un mūžību - laikā. Šāds personīgs dvēseles pārdzīvojums, kurā dvēsele saskaras ar svētumu, ir reliģija jeb, ar latviešu vārdu - svētbijība. Tas ir pamats, no kā veidojas dievbijība, jeb ticība dievībai, kas ir reliģisks priekšstats. Dažādi ir tautu dievību priekšstati, jo dažādas ir tautas. Tāpēc dažādi ir kulti - veidi, kā godina dievības. Jau senā Ēģiptē ap 1500.g.pr.Kr. valdnieks Echnatons sludināja vienu Dievu, un šī ideja vēlākos laikmetos tika pārdzīvota dažādos kultos. Senlatviešu reliģija nepaspēja sasniegt to attīstības līmeni, kad ticības centrā ir viens Dievs. Mums to deva kristietība.

Latviešu literātūrā tad vērojama kristietības ideju augšana un vēl līdz mūsu dienām seno reliģisko priekšstatu aprakstīšana un apdzejošana. Prozā, kur vairāk sastopam jēdzienu kā tēlu valodu, varam sagaidīt skaidrāku un noteiktāku reliģisko priekšstatu attēlomu. Bet nav mums daudz tādu prozas darbu, kur tas būtu parādīts tā, kā piem., A. Brigaderes triloģijā ''Dievs, Daba, Darbs.'' Latviešu lirika sniedz daudz vairāk reliģisko motīvu, ļauj ieskatīties dzejnieku ticībā un pārliecībā. Ne ik dzejolis izsaka dzejnieka paša pārliecību, bet ir kāda fakta pārdzīvojuma sekas, vai redzēta vai dzirdēta. Piem., kad Ed. Virza dzejo par sengrieķu Ceisu, kas ''valdnieks par saullēktu un dzisu,'' tad nevaram apgalvot, ka viņš Ceisam pats tic, jo citur viņa dzejā sastopam kristīgā Dieva tēlu, kas pats ir varens un tautai varenu garu krūtīs dvesis. Dieva priekšstats mūsu lirikā ir tik dažāds, cik dažādas ir mūsu dzejnieku personības un uzņemtie dažādo kultūru iespaidi, bet par to vēl vēlāk.

Visumā mūsu trimdas literātūrā nav jūtams reliģisks pagurums, gluži otrādi, reliģisko pārdzīvojumu paplašināšanās un padziļināšanās sakarā ar tautas likteni. Ja palasāmies ''Trimdas rakstnieki'' II daļu, tad varam vērot, ko saka paši rakstnieki. Daudziem no viņiem bērnības pirmā grāmata ir bijusi Bībele, un tāpēc tā palikusi dārga visu mūžu. Ed. Mednis saka: ''Dievs mani ir sargājis un brīnišķi paglābis.'' V. Lesiņš ir pateicīgs Dievam par visiem grūtumiem, ko Viņš tam licis uzveikt, un tā joprojām. Reliģiskā apziņa ir, bet tai vēl jānoskaidrojas, jāizbēg pretrunām. Tās rodas cilvēka apziņā, saskaroties ar dažādu kultūru mantojumu. Kultūras cilvēks spēj iejusties kā sengrieķu, tā citās kultūrās un pa daļai pārdzīvot šo kultūru tēlainos veidolus, bet, protams, ne visam tam viņš tic. Šie dažādo kultūru elementi dod daudzveidību un krāsainību mākslinieka darbiem, bet ne ikreiz viegli ļauj ieskatīt rakstnieka dziļāko pārliecību.

Taču laikā, kad apdraudēta pati kristietība, ir svarīgs kristīgo ideju stiprums. Par veidu, kādā tās izteicam, domas varētu arī dalīties.

Degošais ērkšķu krūms

KOKS aizdegas un sadeg. Savādi, ja koks deg un tomēr nesadeg. Vēl savādāk, ja tas nav ne baltais bērzs, ne cēlā palma, ābele vai firziķis - tikai ērkšķu krūms tuksnesī, - ass, sīks, nožēlojams. Bet Bībele jau nu ir tāda ''savāda'' grāmata. Tā stāsta par degošu ērkšķu krūmu.

* * *

''Ei, vecais sakārni, ko tu tur čāpstini? Parādi ceļu!''

Stalts jātnieks, tik tikko nesaminis pie sava ganāmpulka saknupušo ganu, uzrauj savu zirgustāvus, tieši pār gana galvu. Kumeļa sāni cilājas. Zirga mutes sakulta putu pika nokrīt uz sirmgalvja rokas. Jātniekā paraugās lielas, izbrīnējušās acis:

''Ceļu? ''

''Nuka, ceļu. Mosties! Tu taču neesi te pirmo dienu. Ha, ha, šodien pirmo dienu ganos, ko? ''

''Nē, kungs, ganu te jau četrdesmit gadus.''

''Nu redzi, nu! Četrdesmit gadus! Vēlu esi sācis. Būs jau savi septiņdesmit uz muguras.''

''Astoņdesmit, kungs.''

''Skaties, tad jau tu brangi esi turējies, sakārni.''

''Mans vārds ir Mozus, kungs.''

''Ha, ha, Mozus! Nu, kā būs, Mozu? Rādīsi, nerādīsi? '' jātnieks kļūst nepacietīgs.

''Ko tad, kungs? ''

''Nu ceļu taču, vecais nelga. Ceļu! Ceļu!''

''Nē, kungs,'' sirmgalvis krata galvu, ''ceļu es nevaru parādīt.''

''Stulbiķis!'' jātnieks nospļaujas, piedur zirga sāniem papēžus un - kā čūska pa zāli - aizlokas pa ganāmpulku.

Noslaucījis putas no rokas un daudzmaz nomierinājis izbiedēto ganāmpulku, Mozus atkal apsēžas. Karsts. Pats pusdienas laiks. Horebs, arī par Sinaju saukts, kas, pēcpusdienās ar ganu un ganāmpulku draudzēdamies, tiem laipni nomet savu ēnu, pusdienas tveicē slejas stāvu debesīs, kā vēl pirms brīža jātnieka stāvus saceltais zirgs. Pamalē veļas dūmu vāli.

''Deg,'' saka Mozus. Kā visi veci ļaudis, viņš sarunājas pats ar sevi. Tiesa, viņam ir sieva, bērni, sievas tēvs, sievas radi. Bet tie nesaprot. Tiem citas domas. Tāpēc viņš labāk runā kokiem, kalniem un saulei. Tiem jau arī nepietrūkst pacietības uzklausīt. Bet šoreiz viņš runā svešajam jātniekam. Tas uzradās un nozuda kā murgs. Kurp jāsteidzas! Būtu parunājušies. Un sirmgalvis vērpj savu domu tālāk. Vientuļu cilvēku dvēsele viļņo ilgi.

''Deg,'' saka Mozus. ''Te deg. Te, manās krūtīs deg tavi vārdi, svešniek. - Vecais,... parādi ceļu! - Nē, kungs, es vairs nerādīšu ceļu. Es nē. Princis biju. Kungs. Ļaudis klanījās. Greznas drēbes; zirgi, rati, dārgi ēdieni. Pilī dzīvoju. Marmors, seni raksti. Zvaigžņu ceļus pazinu. Bet es - ha, ha - meklēju ceļu virs zemes. Sena pasaka man neizgāja no prāta. Tu jau nezini, svešniek. Mātēm ir tādas pasakas. Manai mātei bija pasaka par zemi, kur piena un medus upju krastos augot riekstu un mandeļu koki. Tu mani nedzirdi, svešniek. Tu jau esi aiz kalniem. Vai tu atradīsi savu ceļu? Es atradu. Es, neprātīgais, stulbais - tev taisnība! - vecais sakārnis. - Savādi, ka citi redz tūlīt: vecis. Paši nepamanām. Tāpēc tavi vārdi dedzina, svešniek. -

Bet toreiz es vēl biju jauns. Nuja, gadu četrdesmit man bija gan. Es māju ar roku, es aicināju, es saucu: Nāciet, es esmu atradis pazaudēto ceļu! Sekojiet man, mani brāļi! Kas man sekoja? - Atceros, māte stāstīja - jaunie esot smējušies: medus un piena upes!? - ha, ha, bet vecie esot ticējuši. Kas ticēja man? Kas manī klausījās? Kam vajadzēja manis atrastā ceļa? -

Vienu dienu redzu: ēģiptietis sit vergu. Bet vergs ir mana miesa un manas asinis. Pātaga tā vien švīkst. Jūtu - rokas un kājas man trīc. Esmu izglābts. Man jāglābj. Netaisnību nevaru ciest. Vājākajam gribu palīdzēt. Pieskrienu klāt. Izrauju pātagu. Atvēzējos. Situ. Ēģiptietis vairs neceļas. Pie auklas biju notvēris, ar kātu biju sitis. Vienu glābdams, biju kļuvis par otra slepkavu. -

Nu būtu vajadzējis mieru mest. Par sevi domāt. Bet man tikai prātā viena doma: glābt, palīdzēt. - Otrā dienā redzu: divi tautieši ķildojas. Vārdiem seko darbi. Dūres zib. Saku: Vīri jūs taču esat brāļi! Kāpēc jūs viens otram darat pāri? Un ko man atbild? - Kas tevi mums ir iecēlis par soģi? Vai tu arī mūs gribi nosist, kā vakar to ēģiptieti? -

Zeme man toreiz zem kājām dega. Es atstāju savu pili un dārgās drēbes. Es bēgu. Tagad deg mana sirds. - -

Jā, māt, es atradu tavu ceļu, bet neviens man nesekoja. Un tagad es esmu gans, vecis...''

Mozus paraugās apkārt: lopi sagūluši kur kurais, pie kāda pakalna, zem krūma. Gaiss saules tveicē trīs. Un, skat, ugunsgrēks taisas pārsviesties arī uz šejieni. Kāds ērkšķu krūms jau aizdedzies.

''Jā,'' viņš turpina, noslaucīdams pieri, ''ar cilvēkiem ir tāpat kā ar kokiem. Ja arī visi nav dāsni augļu koki, tad vismaz paēnu zem tiem var kaut cik atrast. Bet kam der tāds ērkšķu krūms? Labāk ka tāds sadeg, nekā... bet tas taču deg un deg un tomēr nesadeg! Savādi,'' saka Mozus pietrūkdamies kājās, ''jāiet raudzīt.''

Uzmanīgi, it kā bīdamies iztraucēt putnu māti pereklī, Mozus zogas krūmam tuvāk. Te viņu apstādina balss no krūma:

''Mozu, Mozu!''

Mozus sastingst. Sirds apstājas. Vai viņam jāatsaucas, jāatbild - bet ko?

''Redzi, - še - es - esmu,'' Mozus jūt, ka vārdi viņam atkal ķeras, kā allaž. Tekoši viņš var runāt tikai tad, kad runā pats sev.

''Nēnāc klāt! Noauj savas kurpes, jo vieta, kur tu stāvi ir svēta vieta. Es esmu redzējis tavu brāļu bēdas Ēģiptē. Es esmu dzirdējis viņu nopūtas. Es glābšu viņus. Vedīšu viņus uz zemi, kur piens un medus tek, un tu viniem rādīsi ceļu.''

''Bet viņi man neklausīs. Faraōns viņus nelaidīs. Es nemāku runāt. Sūti citu,'' Mozus pretojas.

''Viņi tev paklausīs. Ja būs vajadzīgs tavs brālis Ārons runās tavā vietā. Tu ej un rādi viņiem ceļu. Faraōnam vari teikt, ka laudis tev jāved triju dienu gājumu tuksnesī upurēt man.''

''Bet kas tu esi? ''

''Es esmu, kas esmu, tavs un tavu tēvu Dievs.''

Tā, astoņdesmit gadu vecumā, Mozus devās atkal atpakaļ uz Ēģipti, lai aicinātu tāpat, kā pirms četrdesmit gadiem: Sekojiet man! Es esmu atradis ceļu uz zemi, kur piens un medus tek. - Dievs neatstāj arī tos ļaudis, kuŗi nav vairāk vērti kā ērkšku krūms. Cilvēka prātam paliek neizprotams, kāpēc daudzreiz viņš tieši par tiem rūpējas, bērzam, palmai, ābelei paiedams gaŗām, un runādams no ērkšķu krūma. O.G.

''...MĒS BIJĀM TURĒTI IESLĒGTI BAUSLĪBAS VAŽĀS, LĪDZ PARĀDĪTOS TICĪBA...''

Māksl. ANŠA B E R Z I Ņ A zīmējums Galat. vēst. 3.nod.4.p.

KAS JĀZINA

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Prof. K. Kundzins

THE HIDDEN LIFE

The considerations about the hidden wonder of life is raised in us by this season as well as the life conditions in the world, the whole mankind, and with it also of our people.

In the nature again everything begins to shoot forth, to grow and flourish. With astonishment our eyes look anew a t the sprouting of leaves and blossoms, at the blossom adorned fields. And it happens that our intellect is asking: where is this all from? How in the numbness of winter, in the tiny grains of seeds and in the small roots of the trees could the vigour be preserved which now finds its revelation in wonderful forms of leaves and blossoms, in colors and scents? From where has the anemone growing on the forest's edge or the sprouting apple or lilac blossom, receive its inimitable beauty of colors and forms? There is no other answer, but one: all that has grown and budded from the wonder of life hidden in the warm lap of the earth, in the grain of seed, and in the roots of t e fibres of the tree. Our astonishment still increases when we sometimes see, that even there, where the rough autumn winds have broken off the branches of the trees or the brutal hand of the passer-by has left the trace of distress, yet the wonder of life has not been destroyed entirely: with the breath of spring, even some almost broken off branch and some crushed plant starts to green anew and rewards its evil offender with the spring presents of blossoms.

The hidden life!... How wonderful it is! Who can think it out to the end of its mysterious essence! From its wonder even the man is not excluded. Little, comparatively very little in our times do we see the concealed beauty in the outer appearance of the man's life. As if aware of this shortage, men frequently strive to substitute it with extreme means, dazzling, artificial colors and glaring splendor. With that they nilly willy confess, that the sources of their inward strength and beauty seem to dwindle. There are some other forces, which are inimical with the divine image in man, which overpower it, choke it, cripple and crush it. There is something that occasionally turns out the sparkle of the human eye, that causes the flow of evil, ulting words over his lips, that petrifies the heart in his bosom. The child's little hand sometimes rises in anger against the mother, and Cain, overcome by the madness of wrath, raised his weapon against his brother Abel. Losing his soul's finery given by God, one becomes a murderer, his victim, however, gazing at the murderer, with a quiet moan lets out his spirit... In such moments we are asking in horror: where is the true being of man, his white dream of soul? Is trully everything lost? Can the evil, seizing a man, destroy everything good? It is lost... It is lost indeed, if the man has not known anything else, but only the vegetative life, given by nature, if he has not preserved in the depth of his personality something more, something higher and more valuable then the transitory joy and life of the spring. In this case what else could he expect but that of the fate of a tree, which broken by the wind slowly transforms into the mulch, or the fate of the green grass, which has been touched by the sharp scythe of a reaper?

There are, of course, people, and we are observing it painfully, that, unfortunately such are quite a number, who, regard, the natures given life and the loveliness and sprouting of it as their only ornament. With the loss of it, in their opinion,

all is lost, with the dwindling of it, everything comes to an end. They still do not recognize the greatest wonder of life, of which the Scripture says: "Our life (and existence) is hidden with Christ in God."

The gain, which this earthly life with its transitory, short-termed splendour, can not give to anybody, originates in us when being in touch with Christ. Look, there is a seemingly miserable child: an evil accident has robbed her sound limbs. A stooped, little girl slowly drags herself behind the gay gang of her companions, who like the flock of larks joyfully babbling, are walking toward the Spring. But let us get acquainted more closely with this child: the cross, which life has imposed on her, has made her to adhere to the bright Friend of soul. Her soul's life has become deep and rich, there are budding the blossoms, which have a fragrance of eternity. Is the man, who has lost his arm or his leg, or whose face bears marks of a heavy distortion, therefore less valuable? No, he has not that value because of these external imperfections. Everything depends upon that hidden treasure, of the internal beauty, which the eye is seldom able to perceive.

Everyone, who has been touched by life's heavy hand, everyone who has been crushed and castigated by life's hurricanes, everyone, to whom it seems, that he has lost everything - health, fortune, home, freedom, should remember: it is not yet the whole life. Even if the external sight of life were death's field - and thus it really is in many places - even if the freedom were crushed for a moment by the evil power - the word is still effective; when living with Christ and carrying His cross, we have a part with the hidden life, which is waiting for the morning of the resurrection. Therefore He came to this world, in order to redeem our souls, by His sufferings and death, in order to roll away the heavy tomb stone also from us, in order to restore in us the lost likeness of God, by His redemption, in order to lead to the victory the life and immortality, the light and the justice.

You, dear friends, at the distance, you, the soul forged in the chains of the slavery, and you, in struggle with the godless power, exhausted friend: if you could also be able to hear this word: your life with Christ is guarded in secure hands - with God Himself, in the lap of the great Creator. There will be a time when the bright day of Christ will come also to you. The righteous judgement of God will come into effect. Distress, sin and death will retreat before His Almightiness. The dream of the believing soul will come true. "Death will be swallowed into victory," and multitudes of the redeemed will witness: Thanks to God, Who has given us victory thru our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

* * *

Dean Kristaps Valters.

OUR MARTYRS - GOD'S WITNESSES.

(In remembrance of the sufferers of June 14, 1941)

There are days with such great and significant events in the life of individuals as well as in the life of nations which man does not forget till his last pulse-throb. Though years are passing away in an unchangeable rhythm, yet we always - each year anew - remember these days, and those uncommon events, regardless whether they were joyful or unutterably gloomy.

The 14th of June of the year 1941 has become to us a symbol of all those tortures which the Latvian people have endured, and still endure under the rule of Bolshewism. These days, when we remember all those brothers and sisters who have been lost to our people in the last decade, each of us is calling by name those who have collapsed in the unbearable slave-work in an odd country, or have been tortured to death in jails,

who have fallen in the battle fields in blood and the sleep of death. All these tens of thousands could have lived, worked, loved and laughed today, but a strange and violant power has taken them away from their country, their folks, families, homes and jobs, and has destroyed and wiped them out. A burning question arises in our souls, when we - who still have remained alive and free - remember them, namely - why the one may live while the other has to die? What is the meaning, the sense of these undeserved sufferings and the agony of death? Is the perishing of our folks just a senseless, foolish mishap, or have the sorrows of our people some value?

Since ancient times man - watching and considering the lot of sufferers - has judged with an easy heart: one has to suffer and to be punished because of sin and guilt! But since Christ has given His own interpretation of man's suffering and tragical fate, and He Himself, being without sin and guilt, has undergone the most terrific agony on the cross of Calvary, since then we can not think and judge so superficially. The men of the above mentioned story of Gospel perish in an accident, and it seems that they are suffering quite undeservingly. We feel that in the hearts of those men, who brought this message to Jesus, was burning just the same restless question which is gnawing our mind - why such sorrows, such misfortune? Jesus gives an indirect, yet a vey characteristic answer which we too should observe. "Do you think that these Galileans were worse sinners than all the other Galileans, because they suffered thus? I tell you, No; but unless you repent you will all likewise perish." The same in the Gospel of John, when Jesus' disciples ask Him who is to be blamed for the tragical lot of the man who was born blind. "It was not that this man sinned or his parents, but that the works of God might be made manifest in him" (John 9:3). Jesus does not answer to those who are questioning Him just because of their curiousity in order to have a good time, to get some interesting answers, to discuss very uncommon and odd problems. The suffering of man is not, and can not be a theme of an easy and interesting talk in a pleasant and comfortable society! Jesus shows here to those who have just met the suffering of man, all the perishing and agony of death, face to face, that these sufferings may become a far reaching cry which warns those bold, and careless, sleepy men, they should not forget that their life too can suddenly and unexpectedly find an end in perishing, ruins and darkness of death.

Always when we meet sufferings one has to ask - why am I not instead of him? Am I really better, more worthy and useful than my brother who being crashed by illness, slavery or even death can not work, take care, and fight anymore? We know very well that we have no special merit before God and men, that our life and work is not more necessary than the life of the lost brother, that we are not here sound and healthy because we were so God-fearing and useful. We know well that the one and the other of the martyrs' host was more faithful, honest, and able than we.

A sufferer, therefore, in the judgement of the Christian Congregation, is not a hard punished sinner nor a miserable victim of a blind accident. A sufferer becomes here a messenger of God, who bearing his heavy cross, goes his thorny way, enduring the bitterness of death, saves the living, the happy and bold ones calling them back to God, to work while it is day, to bear fruits while there is still time, to love and to serve, to pity and to save while we still are on the way.

Martyrs, therefore, have in all times and all places by their sufferings, blood and sorrows of death lighted up a new spirit, power and courage of faith in uncountable hearts of men. This is the everlasting mystery of the cross repeated in all centuries, all continents and nations. Also our martyrs and great sufferers have become such messengers of God who demostrate and testify not only to us ourselves, but also to far and strange people how dreadful is a man without God, how terrible is life built according to such men's will, how satanic becomes the whole world if she abandons the laws of the Creator, and lives without His blessing. This is the

mission of our martyrs in the world of nowadays when men have to decide on which side they will stand, to whom they will cling, and serve - lies or truth, savageness or humanity, hatred or love, devil or God. Today we see the strength and power of the evil in the world. With lies it awakens the hatred in order to deprave the human heart and life. Here, however, also the glory and the eternal beauty of the realm of the love of God is to be seen. In this time God asks from us the real decision in the depth of our hearts, who is he for whom we are willing to fight, to whom we are willing to give and devote our hearts and our lives.

The multitude of our martyrs have become large and immense during these ten years. In a long line there are marching men and boys, women and girls, children and aged ones side by side. A cry of despair, a moan full of anguish is breaking out of the hearts and lips of these sufferers mounting up to hundreds of thousands thru the walls of the jails, through the iron curtain, even through sand of the graves, wanting to awaken all the slumberers,to alarm all the calm ones, to summon for the struggle all the living ones. In this call resounds a clear warning for all who would have the intention of enjoying a careless life; of enjoying life even now when millions are slaving, languishing, fading away, and dying. It is a warning to all those, who like the priest and Levite are trying to slip by without giving any help or rescue to a man smitten by the robbers and left in his blood. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The indifference, the lukewarmness, and the selfishness are the worst sins of today's mankind. If we do not overcome them we shall be cut down like the fruitless trees.

The sufferings have been and shall be in this world. The sufferings are our real share and part, for we "sin much every day and deserve nothing, but punishment." We cannot presume a world without sufferings if it has forsaken God and if it has become implicated with sin. In His immense mercy and patience, however, God allows to me and you still to live, to love and to struggle in this world! In His immense kindness and wisdom God exalts one man's or another one's suffering up to the holy light, crowning the heads of the martyrs with the crowns of glory and fame in this world. These martyrs become His messengers and soldiers then. They worship Him with their sufferings and build up His eternal kingdom.

(Latvian Hymnal 829, 1)

* * *

L. Berzins

WHILE WAITING FOR THE FEAST

The While of Solemnity comes to the worldly
The peace to the peaceless is going proclaim he.
Oh, when he would bring this blessed donation
To the Latvian nation!

Days that are coming and days that are going
Garments of worries always are wearing.
Our homeland's disaster to us is ill ardour
We can't see the harbour.

Exhaustion is felt in the knees and the elbows,
Weak point have become the hearts of the heroes.
Hastily went they into the battlefield -
And lost there their shield.

When thinking we rove to the left and the right
The Saviour should come once in glory and might.

"Come Saviour!" the sufferer shouts in despair.
No answer. His voice disappears.

For all that our heart should put on an armour,
There will be a day for seeing the harbour.
My sould from which I am drawing the courage,
Is leading the voyage.
The truth and the justice are heavenly lights,
Alas! you can see them but in unclouded nights,
Yet neither the vapour extinguishes stars
Nor people these bars.
In vain shall be made each earthly foundation
The worship to men is false adoration.
Perpetual truth is, God, Thy creation
Grant this salvation!
The flag of our fathers once should be run,
The era of peace should once be begun.
Both shall rejoice once the sower and reaper -
As well as the thrasher.
Thou, who the eras and fortunes decide,
Lord, God Almighty, with us all abide
As to our fathers, to us God allow
Good soil where to plough
Over the hills and down in the valleys
Songs shall resound then loud and melodious
Senile and youth would join in the praise
For Thy wonderful grace.
The fields which are crushed, Lord, adorn with Thy peace
To those who are chained and enslaved bring release
Rebuild, Lord, the villages now burnt away
And men who went 'stray.
The While of Solemnity comes to the worldly
The peace to the peaceless is going proclaim he,
To those who are restless and labored in vain
God, grant peace again.

* * *

ABOUT THE CHURCH AND THE PREACHERS

There was a time when the church lifted up the conductor's baton. The Catholic Church has not let it out of her hands even to this very hour. In the exact meaning of the word she controls all the Catholic spiritual life. She recommends these and prohibits those books. She asks for joining with these - or forbids to do it with those organizations. She expects a regular report on thoughts, words and deeds (auricular confession). The priest is the mediator between God and men.

It is characteristic that the Latvian Catholics even up to this very moment are calling their priests - "the lords of the Church." The Evangelical Church is not a Church of lords. She is not a governor, she is a servant. The preacher is the servant of God's Word. In the same time he also is the distributor of the sacrament, of course. He is aware of the fact, that Christ has called him and entitled him. And in this conscience and proxy he acts. - He bears testimony: "We have believed and know that Thou (Jesus) art the Holy One of God" (St. John 6:69). "In none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given amon men, wherein we must be saved." (The Acts 4:12). "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. (1.Cor. 3:11). A true testimony,

however, is but there, where faith is at hand, which according to the classical definition of Hebrews is "assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen" (Hebrews 11:1). No wonder therefore, that the preacher makes the attempts in order to convince the peop . He is Christ's echo. He echoes the quintessence of Christ's message: "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel" (Mark 1:15). Like John the Baptist he might describe also himself as - "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, make ye ready the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." (Mark 1:3). He comforts, - however, not he - Christ has the words of peace (Matthew 11:28; John 14:27). The minister strengthens and encourages, yet not he - Christ has the words of life (Luke 12:4-5; John 11:25). He reminds and rebukes, yet not he - Christ is he who asks: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of" (Luke 9:55). His main task, however, is - just as his name itself points out - to preach or rather to teach." Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into t e name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you (Matthew 28:19-20). It means - not only at home - also abroad, not only one's own people, also - the foreigners, not only the children - also the adults (no matter how prominent they would be!) and the adults especially (cf. John 21:15 follow.). To the children he talks in the "children's language," to the adults in the "language of adults." He turns pages and he searches in the Scripture (John 5:39) in order to get the answer to the old, to the most important, unfortunately the question often forgotten in our times: What shall I do to inherit eternal life? (Luke 10:25).

The minister is not the "holy one." He is not better than the others. "None is good save one, even God" (Mark 10:18). For that reason you will seldom hear the second person in plural in the Ev. Lutheran Church. The pastor of the Ev. Lutheran faith uses the humble "we" in general. He also is one among "the many" (Matthew 20:16) and notwithstanding his theological education - he could be mistaken. One might disagree with him as even with anyone of the "teachers"(in the broader meaning of this word). However, when his Lord has asked, he also might take the liberty of asking: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" (John 18:23). The minister wants to have an ideal congregation, the congregation - an ideal pastor, No wonder if both are not satisfied with each other some times. A characteristic example in this respect is a writing, published in Sweden early in this year (Latvju vards, 7th issue).

If this were only a reply to a couple of preachers, with whom the author of this article cannot agree in matters of the criticism of the literature or concerning a certain pastor's eagerness in teaching or rather admonishing - we should not even mention this article. This article, however, has not been addressed but to two preachers, I am sorry to say. It has been declared already by its very topic: Preachers don't become hypocrites!

Hypocrisy is the falsification of the truth, but also - the withholding from truth. Hypocrisy is pretence, not gold - the gilding only. Hypocrisy is the reminding of some one's mote if he himself has a beam in his own eye. Nevertheless if we submit ourselves but to the "holy ones", we should seek for a long time and we would waste our time sooner or later reaching the conclusion that everything is but gilding on earth. Neither a father, nor a mother, neither a teacher, professor, writer, critic or preacher is "gold" although more or less they all are teaching. For one is our teacher (Matthew 23:8). Concerning the question about the inheritance of the eternal life we teach but while learning. In this case we all shall be co-workers and co-learners.

(Next paragraph on page 13)

Touching V. Mezezers"Remarks about the Latvian literature" (see Friend of Home 4-9) the author of the writing of the above mentioned Swedish paper has to admit, that after 1910 in Latvian literature "have appeared but individual smaller attempts in the spirit of the Church." Certainly - and here I from my part agree with my Swedish countrymen - it does not mean that the Christian spirit in general has faded away in the Latvian literature. About this matter also there will be spoken I hope, in the columns of the Friend of Home. Yet the literature is also the compass. If our literature shows that its stream of the Christian spirit since long ago does not flow in the banks of the Christian church, then it is an indication - and not only for the servants of the church, namely the preachers, but for all the friends of the Christian church to consider the problem seriously and with more or less eagerness to do something in this respect, - for without Christ's Church there is no Christianity.

In this connection there should be mentioned another question: how close should one's relations with the Church be, or - using the words of my Swedish countrymen - how far the "general line" of the Church should be kept. - The Church here on earth is not the triumphant one, it is the struggling Church. And - as in all armies, in this also the leaders not always are the most heroic. Yet no matter how would be these or those, no matter how strong or weak would be the arm of the ensign - [illegible] cannot be victorious but by sincere wish or by inner and tacit consent. There is only one way to win the battle: we must be active co-operators, we must unify our forces and we must gather under the standard of the cross. But to win the battle this time means to live.

* * *

Pastor E. Kiploks

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA

IV. The current situation.

If we want to fix the current situation of the Lutheran Church in America, then first of all we must get acquainted with its organization. In the previous article it was mentioned, that in the course of the history of the American Lutherans there have been altogether some 150 synods. They have merged to become 17, and possibly in the near future will shrink some more. In the last decades the grounds, which have given every synod its integrity, have begun to crumble down. Both World Wars have clenched together the American nation still more firmly. Also the practical considerations have furthered this union. Especially in America larger associations have undeniable advantages.

The process of unification has gone in two directions - in the direction of union and federation. From several joined synods there have originated unified churches, which on their part have established federations for a certain common goal and for the common representation of the American Lutherans.

First of all let us mention the individual churches, in chronological order, namely in sequence of the co-operation of the groups in those churches. For the details about the numbers and the number of the pastors, and so forth in these churches see the separate schedule. The signs in front of the names of the synods indicates to which federation they belong: * National Lutheran Council; ** American Lutheran Conference; *** Synodical Conference. (About these federations see further).

1. * United Lutheran Church in America (ULCA), of German origin, established in 1918, in the joining of three synods (General Synod, General Council, United Synod of the South), which were the federations of local synods, and including altogether 45 individual synods with approx. 800,000 confirmed church members. The ULCA also includes

The Lutheran Church in America (Cont'd)

the oldest organized Lutheran church in America - the ministerium of Pennsylvania (founded in 1748) and the first Federation of Synods - General synod (organized in 1820). All these synods united in the ULCA and represents the East coast Lutherans, who have been split over fifty years because of historical or dogmatical controversies. The question of slaves and the civil-war has split Methodists and Baptists. In 1862 the same fate befell also the Lutheran General synod. Next to that arose the General synod of the South (since 1886 the United synod of the South). The schism expanded still further in 1866, when from the General synod split off its conservative wing, creating the General council. The reason of dogmatical quarrels was the inclinations of unionism in the liberal wing of the General synod (so called American Lutheranism), who were striving for cooperation with the rest of the protestants, and because of it renouncing the Lutheran opinion about the Holy Communion. The liberal group although in minority, was very influencial, thus the conservative course gained the superiority only little by little. - After ULCA gained the predominance, also those local synods conjoined, which so far have functioned parallel in one and the same area, reducing the number to 29. ULCA now assembles 32 synods in United States and Canada and 5 have been joined in the mission countries of the Lutheran church. The ULCA mission branch supports the mission work in several national tongues in America and Canada among German, Finnish, Hungarian, Slovak, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandish, Italian, Spanish, Latvian, Lithuanian and Estonian nationals, as well as prepares pastors for this work and publishes periodical editions in 6 foreign langugaes. If necessary also the pastors' conferences take place, in order to discuss the national questions (for the Germans, Finns, and Hungarians). In ULCA are also included Latvian congregations (in New York, Boston, Senatobia), it has supported the immigration of Latvian pastors in United States and Canada and in its work program so far has engaged 22 Latvian pastors in USA and Canada. From ULCA has come also, well known to the Latvians, the LLF employee K. Senft. - ULCA President: Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, D.D. - Office: 231 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. - Official weekly edition: The Lutheran.

(Continuation will follow)

* * *

M. Rozentale

ABOUT THE LATVIAN RILIGIOUS POETRY

The poetry in the extensive meaning (prose and lyrics) is created through experience, which in turn also stimulates the experience in the reader, enriching the contents of his soul, pointing at the world, which is fairer, better, deeper, and more interesting then the practical reality. The reality created by the poet's imagination, at the same time consists of the elements of life's reality, thus for the most part is dependent upon the poet's personal experience, conceptions of the world and ideals. Literature is the proclaimer of the writers' opinions of world and life. The opinion of the world is not always clearly perceivable in a writer's works, for it is a philosophical system, harmonized totallity of ideas of the essence and construction of the world, of the guiding powers, the sense of all events, of the man's place in the world and his tasks. Only the writers-philosophers have elaborated the opinion of the world. We can already learn well the conception of life, if we study all works of a certain author. Each individual has a more or less peculiar view of life - his view of life, namely, the form, how he conceives the world, interprets it and estimates it. It depends very much on each individual's approach to the facts, from his breeding, environment, obtained impressions. The author visibly portrays that environment, which is most familiar to him, declares ideas, which are close to him since childhood and experienced through the course of his days, in conversions and conflicts of the soul. Speaking of the lyrics, it is more correct to use the term - the perception of life. We can not build some writer's opinion of life and world from the figures we find portrayed in his poems, because the strongest side in lyrics is

not the language of terms, but the metaphor, which reflects the vibrations of experience in the soul. For example, in conceptions we would say: "The truth is hard to be looked into," but the poetess Aspazija expresses this same thought metaphorically thus:

The truth is not simple
It glitters like prism polygonal
Which changes in colors various
And sparkles in hundredfold pictures.

In poems there is the sentiment of conceptions, not definitions. If in the language of conceptions, religious man would say: "In God's care is the living and inaminated nature," then in the poem V. Strelerte has expressed the same thus:

Divine shield protects
Flowers and souls.

Thus also, taking for material the poems of a poet, we can not construct, from the figures given in those poems, a rounded off religious conviction system of an author. We must consider, that the personality of a poet is in a constant developing process, growing intellectually and forming the opinions, and also following the ideological currents and historical realities of his era. About a certain poet's religious conviction, we can, in fact, judge ohly when his activity approaches the conclusion - when the various stages of the development can be viewed. For example, it is hard to give the estimation about Auseklis' religious convictions, for he lived not even a full 30 years. The conviction of life does not begin to deepen and strengthen until after the 30th year, when the poet in his soul reappraises and sifts the old verities and the new impressions, adjusting them to his own personal notions and conceptions dictated by his intellect. Nevertheless, we can obtain some indications from his poems about his religion, which we will review later.

In forming the conception of life, we ask about the sense and mission of life of a man. Naturally we come to the uhmost problems - the origin of all things. Such personal experience of soul, in which the soul contacts the holines , that is religion, or with the Latvian name - the sacred veneration. That is the foundation from which the piousness, namely the belief in deity forms, which is the religious conception. Different are the ideas of deities in different nations, because differ - ent are the nations. Therefore different are the cults - ways, how the deities are honored. Already in the ancient Egypt about the year 1500 before Christ, the ruler Echnatons introduced the idea of one God, and in later eras this idea had been experienced in different cults. The religion of the ancient Latvians did not reach that level of develop ent , when there is only one God in the center. Christianity gave that to us.

In Latvian literature the growth of Christian ideas is observable and still to our days the description and prize in poems of the ancient religious notions. In prose, where the language is more of terms then ideas, we can expect more distinct and precise description of religious notions. Yet, we do not have many such works in prose, where that is shown so, as in, for example, A. Brigaderes trilogy "God, Nature, Labor." The Latvian lyrics offers much more religious motives, permits us to look into the religion and conviction of poets. However, not every poem expresses the conviction of the poet himself, but is the result of experience of some fact, seen or heard. For example, when Ed. Virza composes about the ancient Greek Zeus, who is "the ruler of dawn and fade of sun", yet we can not affirm, that he himself believes in Zeus, for elsewhere in his poems we meet the figure of the Christian God, who is mighty himself and also breathed a mighty spirit in the breast of the nation. The conception of God in our lyrics is as different, as different are the personalities of our poets and the received impressions of various cultures, but

that we will also review later.

On the whole, there is not perceptible a religious fatigue in our exile's literature, on the contraty, the expansion and deepening of the religious experiences in regards to the fate of our nation. hen we read the "Exile's writers" II part, then we can observe, what the authors themselves say. To many of them their first childhood's book has been the Bible, and therefore it has remained dear for life. Ed. Mednis says: "God has protected me and wonderfully saved." V. Lesins is grateful to God even for all the hardships, which He has made him to conquer, and so forth. The religious conscience is there, but it still needs to clear up, to get away from the contradictions. Those originate in the mind of man, coming into the contact with the inheritance of various cultures. The cultural man is able to perceive the ancient Greek as well as the other cultures and partly experience the metaphorical likeness of those cultures, but, of course, he does not have to believe in it all.

The literature is ever incipient, likewise is the personality of a poet, the contradictions and opposite currents in every era, inevitably pictures also in the poem, where parallel to the Christian knowledge and faith, we observe also other religious tendencies. However, especially in the times when the Christianity itself is imperiled, the strength of the Christian ideas is important. About the form, we express them, there could be different opinions.

(Continuation will follow)

* * *

THE BURNING THORNBUSH

A tree catches fire and is consumed. It is curious enough, if a tree is burning with fire and in spite of that is not consumed. This thing becomes even more peculia. if the tree is neither a white birch, nor a noble palm tree, an apple-tree nor a peach-tree but simple thornbush in the wilderness, - sharp, tiny and miserable. The Bible however, is a "peculiar" book, It relates about - a burning thornbush.

- - -

"Ho, there! What are you muttering there? Show me the way, old chap!"
A stately rider, almost trampling down a shepherd squatting at his flock, mounts his horse just above the head of the shepherd. The sides of the horse rise and lie down repeatedly. A clump of foam, whipped by the mouth of the horse, falls down onto the hand of the old man. Wide and surprised eyes gaze at the rider:
"The way?"
"Yes, the way. Wake up. You haven't been the first day here, are you? Ha, ha, your first day in the pasture, is it?"
"No, sir. I'm leading my flock for forty years."
"Well, well, forty years. You have had a late start. You are in your seventies now, aren't you?"
"I'm eighty, sir."
"Alright! I wouldn't say. You are looking much younger, old chap."
"My name is Moses, sir."
"Ha, ha, Moses! Alright, Moses. Will you do me the favour?" the rider loses his patience.
"What favour, sir?"
"The way, the way, old fool! Will you show it to me?"
"No, sir," the old man shakes his head. "I can't show you any way."
"Idiot!" spits the rider, touches the sides of the horse with his heels, and disappears through the flock like a snake in the grass.
Having wiped off the foam from his hand, and having calmed down his frightened flock,

Moses sits down again. It's hot. It's the noon-time. Horeb, also called Sinai, is very friendly on afternoons. It casts its shadow to the shepherd and his flock then. Now, in the sultriness of the noon-time, however, it mounts up into the sky - just like the mounting horses of the rider did a while ago. At the horizon are rising clouds of smoke. "It burns," says Moses. Like many old people he is talking to himself. He certainly has his wife, his children, his father - in-law and the relatives of his wife. They, however, do not understand him. They are of different interest. Therefore he prefers to talk to the trees, the mountains and to the sun, which also do not lose patience in listening. This time, however, he is talking to the strange rider. He appeared and disappeared like a ghost. Why such a hurry? There are things to converse about. And the old man continues the spinning of the thread of his thoughts. The soul of lonely men has a long vibration.

"It burns," says Moses. "It burns here. Here in my breast, stranger, are burning your words, - "old man... show me the way! No, sir! I won't show any way any more. Not I. I was a prince. A lord. People bowed before me. I had costly clothes, horses, carriages, expensive dishes. Was living in a palace: marble, ancient writings. I was familiar with the ways of the stars. I, however, - ha, ha - looked for a way on the earth. I couldn't get an old fairy tale out of my mind. Mothers have such fairy tales. My mother had a fairy tale about a land where on the banks of the rivers of milk and honey supposed to grow nut - and almond-trees. - You don't hear me, stranger, You certainly are off and away. Will you find your way? I did. You are right, stranger, I'm an old fool. - It is strange enough: the others see at once - you are an old man. We ourselves do not notice. Therefore your words burn, stranger. -

That time, however, I still was young. Well, may be not so young, about forty! I beckoned, called: Come, I have found the lost way. Follow me, my brothers! Who followed me? - I remember,, my mother told: the young ones, laughed: rivers of milk and honey?! - ha, ha, - the older ones, however, believed. Who believed in me? Who listened to me? Who needed the way I had found? -

One day I saw: an Egyptian was smiting a slave. The slave, however, was of my flesh and my blood. The whip just whizzed. I felt - my hands and my feet were trembling. I was rescued. I had to rescue. Wrong thing I could never bear. I have always had the intention of assisting the weaker ones. I ran to the Egyptian, tore out the whip of his hand, swang and smote. I had seized at the string. I had smote with the whip-stick. In rescuing one, I was become the murderer of another.

Now it was time for breaking up. Now it was time for taking care of my own business. I, however, had but one thought in my mind - of rescuing, helping. - The second day I saw: two of my country men were striving. The words were followed by the deeds. The fists were lightening. I said: Men, you are brothers. Why do you wrong one to another? And what was the answer? - Who made you a ruler and judge over us? Could you kill us, as you killed the Egyptian yesterday? -

The earth was aflame under my feet then. I left my castle and my costly clothes. I fled. Now my heart is aflame. - -

Yes, mother, I did find your way, but nobody followed me. And now I am a shepherd, an old man..."

Moses looks round: the animals have lain down in one place or another - at a hill, under a bush. The air is tremoring in the sultriness. And, lo, the fire is flinging over here also. A thornbush already is in flames.

"Yes," he continues, drying his forehead, "men are pretty much like trees." Even if all of them aren't generous fruit-trees, at least one can find somewhat shadow underneath them. What good, however, is from a thornbush, it is better that it is consumed... but - - this one doesn't become consumed! Curiously enough; says Moses, standing up. "Let me see."

Cautious, as if fearing to disturb a hen in its brooding place, Moses sneaks up to the bush. Suddenly he is topped by a voice out of the midst of the bush:

"Moses, Moses!"

Moses is petrified. His heart does not beat any more. Shall he answer, - but what?

"Here - am - I", Moses notices his words stop short again - as usually. He can talk

fluently but talking to himself.
"Dont't draw nigh! Put off your shoes, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground. I have seen the affliction of your brothers in Egypt. I have heard their cries. I surely will rescue them, I am going to lead them to a land flowing with milk and honey, and you will be their guide."
"But they won't listen to me. Pharaoh won't let them. I am not eloquent. Send someone else," Moses opposes.
"They will listen to you. If necessary your brother Aaron will speak in your stead. You go and guide them. To the Pharaoh you might say that you have to lead the people three days' journey into the wilderness in order that they may sacrifice to me."
"But who are you?"
"I am that I am, the God of you and your fathers."

\- - -

So in his eighties Moses went back to Egypt again, in order to invite the people like forty years ago: Follow me! I have found the way to the land where rivers of milk and honey are flowing. - God does not forsake even those people who have but the value of a thornbush. To the human mind one thing remains incomprehensible - why does He take care, especially of this kind of people - passing by a birch, a palm-tree, an apple-tree, and talking out of the midst of a thornbush. O.G.

* * *

WHAT WE SHOULD KNOW?

"Professionally trained people who would like to be considered for re-employment in work more closely related to their training and who have completed their "good faith" service in their original position are invited to send their curricular vita together with a summary of their credentials to Lutheran Resettlement Service, Attention: Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholsky, 145 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York."

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The addresses of Latvian Pastors in America.

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Published by
NATIONAL LUTHERAN COUNCIL
327 South La Salle Street

For the spiritual care of Latvians of Lutheran faith, recently resettled in the United States.

For information write to the above address,
Attention: Latvian Paper.

About the Church and the Preachers (Continuation from page 6)

Unfortunately exactly this is the point where the misunderstandings and acusations begin. Throughout all the era of the independence of our state the Latvian pastors are supposed to have tried hard to master the heritage left by the pastors of German origin. Though the majority of the pastors had come from our homesteads, according to the above mentioned writer's opinion they were considered as lords: their specific situation supposed to part them from the population. - I do not think that the Latvian pastor have had any difficulties in this respect. I do not know any Latvian pastor whose shoulders would be bent down under the weight of this load, and I do doubt that the old cleft between the pastor and the population was to be filled by ploughing (that is what the author of the a bove mentioned writing thinks) - in the field of the homestead of the pastor. In this repsect the pastor's and only the pastor's attitude was sufficient. But why does the author of the article in the Swedish paper keep secret a different heritage, which has not been left neither by these or those preachers but our own "modern pioneers" - the materialists. How much have we succeeded in overcoming this one? How much has the church been supported by the family, the school and by the writers and speakers in this respect? Does not this heritage clash even now in our pockets as a forged money? Many things are fallen out, lost, this money, however, we are still keeping, many times - and in the best case! - wanting to be Christians, but not churchgoers, as if the church were an institute of devil and not of God.

(Continued again on page 7)